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Cavanaugh, John

The romance of big
business

[South Bend, Ind.]

[1920?]

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The Romance *of* Big Business

Address by the Reverend
John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,
D. D., at the Studebaker
Dinner, South Bend,
Indiana, June 26th, 1920.

The ROMANCE of Big Business

Address by the Reverend John
Cavanaugh, C.S.C., D.D., at the
Studebaker Dinner, South Bend,
Indiana, June 26th, 1920.



YOU have doubtless been speculating on the meaning of a theme so unusual as "The Romance of Big Business." You have been saying to yourselves, "if a man told us the moon was made of green cheese we might possibly believe it. If a man spoke to us of white blackbirds, or a sedentary will-o'-the-wisp, we might hear him patiently. If he told us of the modesty of President Wilson or the convivial wetness of Mr. Bryan, or the Quaker Pacifism of the late Mr. Roosevelt, we might still hear him patiently. Even if he were to assure us that the Orangemen of Belfast were really Sinn Feiners and the Republican party is opposed to Trusts he might still escape slaughter, but who shall listen patiently to the suggestion that in such a brutal thing as Big Business there can be any such gentle and beautiful thing as romance?"

It is true that romance has, in the general mind, been hitherto associated with other ideas. Romance was born of the languorous golden dreams of the Orient. There where a prodigal climate made it possible for indolent men to gather food from the date palm and the plantain-tree; where the fragrant orange grove and the red-blooded vineyard lay smiling to the sun; where gentle climate made clothes and shelter simple achievements; where scarlet birds and flaming flowers seemed to have been dipped in the everlasting molten sunsets—there, sired by the warm imagination of the East out of the womb of fancy, the spirit of romance had birth. From among the thousands of these brilliant dreams of man's picture-making heart a few have been preserved in the Arabian Nights, and perhaps we may be permitted to say that in the story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, which needed only to be caressed in order to yield uncountable treasures of gold and precious jewels, may be

One

found the first suggestion of the romance of big business. Certainly if by the Wonderful Lamp we understand the ultimate consumer, and if for the gentle caress we substitute a hard tight squeeze we get something that looks like Big Business.

At the same time another sort of dream took origin in the cold and hard climate of the North. There where life was a never-ending battle with the implacable forces of nature; there where laborous men scoured a meager living from the stony and reluctant soil, the romance of men took another form. The world of their imagination was peopled with contending giants and dwarfs and dragons and monsters. Conflict and struggle and combat were the burden of the tales of the ancient Scalds or Bards of the Northmen. The fancy of men, always touched and quickened by the romantic, dreamed of wild adventures, of courage, of perilous journeyings and battles where prudence was cast to the winds and strength and courage always won the day. But even in these old fairylands of the Scandinavian, and the Teutonic Empires, there was always the story of the Pot of Gold at the end of the Rainbow, the romance of big business.

Midway between these two great dreams were the old mythologies of Greece and Rome which sang in epic music of War and Romance, of the deeds of Gods and heroes and demigods, all glorified with the golden glammers of witchery and miracle and mystery, and in these mythologies we read the story of King Midas who had received from the gods the gift of turning everything he touched into gold. He finally perished because the very food that he put into his mouth was changed by his touch into gold and he fell a victim, as many another man in big business has done since his time, to the treasures which the gods had endowed him. There was no gold cure in the days of Midas and, symbolically at least, his story is a contribution to the Romance of Big Business.

Later on we meet the tales of French chivalry and knights errant, and the heroes of the Crusades and the long procession of narratives that developed into the popular novel of today, and in all these tales the hero must live happy ever after with the lady of his dreams in a paradise of wealth and pleasure. In modern life, romance is associated as it always has been associated in human history, with War, as in the beautiful story of Joan of Arc who listened to the Voices, and without relinquish-

ing her maiden modesty led vast armies and saved the France of her day. It has been associated with the stories of beautiful human love, as in the deathless tale of Romeo and Juliet; and the no less pathetic and beautiful story of Robert Emmett who paid the penalty of his life because, when he might have escaped, he tarried too long—Oh, how human the story is!—in bidding farewell to his sweetheart Sarah Curran. It is exemplified in these modern days by such dazzling figures as Lincoln, the Liberator of man, the rail splitter lifted up to the pinnacle of the presidency, and to a throne in the heart of the universal world; who typified his period as Caesar and Alexander and Charlemagne and Napoleon typified theirs. And perhaps we may say without irreverence that now, as in the days of old, it finds its most sublime expression in the heroism of millions of men and women in the world giving the worship of their minds and the constant love of their adoring hearts to the memory of the Ideal Man, Divinity Incarnate, who stands in the middle point of all human history, looked forward to through the mists of yearning by the generations who came before him, looked back to with eyes streaming with love and devotion by the generations that have come after him; so that all the periods of recorded time are listed as Before Christ or After Christ, so that from him, the civilization of our days is called the Christian civilization. Himself, seemingly, the greatest failure in all human history, lifted up between two thieves on the ignominious gibbet of the Cross, clad only in his shame and in his blood, yet out of the depths of his unfathomable failure and degradation He was able to lift his voice in tones of calm triumph and say to his cowering and trembling disciples, "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Two thousand years have passed since that gibbet loomed against the darkening sky but the Beautiful Young Man still rules the world from His cross—the Hero of the greatest, most fascinating romance because the truest, deepest fact, that ever warmed the imaginations or illumined the minds of men. Here is true gold of the spirit, the romance of the biggest business the world has ever known.

With all these beautiful things the spirit of romance is clearly associated. Epic poets like Homer and Virgil have chanted in glorious language the romance of War. Other epic poets like Dante and Milton have portrayed in luminous and imaginative

words the romance of religion. Great dramatists like Shakespeare have dazzled and delighted the world with the sublimities of human love. Great historians have woven the spell of romance over the stories of nations. Biographers have idealized and interpreted romantic men in real life as the novelists have transfigured fictitious men in story. But the romance of human labor still awaits the panegyric of anointed eloquence and its triumphs have still to receive their just tribute of admiration from the fire-tipped pen of human genius. And yet the history of human labor has its giants and its dwarfs and its gnomes, and its Prince Charming, its heroes, and its demigods. It has its mighty conflict of monsters and ogres, its languishing imprisonment in enchanted castles and its final delivery through the triumph of Divine Justice and human love.

We are apt to think of the struggle between Capital and Labor as a modern development. The truth is that labor unions while apparently modern are as ancient as human history. We have no record of their beginning but we have documentary evidence to show they existed in Egypt, in Greece and in Italy at least six centuries before the birth of Christ. In Egypt, King Amasis formed trades unions as a means of numbering and taxing his subjects. These unions had their officers to develop and administer them and their lobbyists to promote their interests within the halls of the government. They had their exemptions and their privileges and their special obligations to the state. We have Egyptian poems written 500 years before Christ which read like a Modern Socialist's denunciation of the sweatshop. In the old Greek records we read that even professional robbers had their own trade corporations which were legally recognized, with representatives at Police headquarters, whose duty it was "to discuss the somewhat delicate question to which the practice of their art gave rise. From this description it is not clear whether these organized robbers were combinations of Capital, or Labor unions. I leave that question to your individual judgment to decide.

Now the basis of all pagan civilization was slavery. In Rome for example, at the beginning of the Empire, there were one million slaves and only ten thousand freemen, or an average of one hundred slaves to every patrician. These men were born slaves and the vast majority of them remained apparently

content in slavery as long as they lived. It was not as in the Old South, where white men were born free and black men born into bondage. "The Greek" says Hilaire Belloc, "had a Greek slave, the Latin a Latin slave, the German a German slave, the Celt a Celtic slave." These men were not slaves by conquest, but merely by the fact that they were without property or capital. "It was poverty that made the slave." It was that and that alone which determined whether they were bondsman or free. Yet they were literally slaves compelled by government to work against their will; absolutely under the power of their masters as to the kind and amount of work they would do, and mercilessly scourged with the lash or struck dead by the hand of their impatient masters if their work was not satisfactory both in quality and quantity. Occasionally the slaves rebelled and for a moment created what seemed like Civil War, but their forces were so scattered, and their masters so powerful that the rebellion was speedily put down. The old literatures of these countries represent slaves as making jokes about their slavery, but it was not the natural playfulness of normal man; it was the ghastly humor of despair. The whole civilization of the world before Christ was built on the theory that society was naturally and inevitably composed of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. The ear of the old pagan world was filled with just two eternal uninterrupted sounds — the shouts of drunken revelry from the debauched Patricians and the everlasting wailing of the slaves.

Here ends act first of the Romance of Big Business. Its symbols were the gigantic pyramids, mausoleums built in honor of dead kings by the hands of slaves who hated and despised them; the Roman baths, instruments of luxury to the patrician, painstakingly built by the hands of unwilling slaves who were not permitted to use them; Babylonian palaces, riotous with the revelry of emperors, built by the hands of envious slaves who plotted their death; the Parthenon, beautiful temple of a religion which excluded from happiness here, or even from the hope of happiness hereafter, the slaves whose calloused hands and aching backs reared its wonderful walls.

At the beginning of Act Second enters the Spirit of Christ. When the infant church knocked for entrance at the gates of the Roman Empire, persecution with a thousand hands reached out to throttle it at the threshold. It came, heralded as the

religion of slaves and this alone would have made aristocracy its natural enemy. Every device of cruelty that the genius of hell could invent or the malice of men execute was employed to destroy it. For three hundred years paganism was drunk with Christian Blood. And when at length this savage appetite was sated, when the uplifted smoking sword fell to the ground from very weariness, when it had become clear that the blood of martyrs was the seed of Christians, when the lions and the leopards bounded no more within the amphitheater and the smoke of pagan incense ascended no more from the altars of Jupiter and Venus, the Christian Church found in her own bosom enemies more terrible than the pagans. The wealth that before Christianity had crushed poverty into the dust, the mastery that ruled the Greek and the Roman slaves with a rod of iron was now enthroned in the palaces of Kings and in the halls of Princes, or entrenched in the strongholds of feudal lords. Yet all this time the Divine energies were working in Christian civilization. The founder of Christianity, emptied himself of all riches, taking the form of a slave as St. Paul says. "He had not even a stone whereon to lay his head." It was a strange kind of capital with which to begin the new big business. The board of directors were 12 common fishermen, unlearned, unlettered, unskilled in the arts of eloquent speech or persuasive argument; and the legends on their banners were words that the pagan mind could not understand. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul," "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's," "If you love not your neighbor whom you see, how can you love God whom you see not," "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as yourself."

For two thousand years this beautiful vision of human brotherhood has dazzled the eyes of mankind. At first it was completely realized among the followers of Christ on earth. They had all things in common. Jealousy and strife were unknown among them, and the pagans, looking with admiration and astonishment on them said "see how these Christians love one another." The millenium had come! Behold an earthly paradise was here. But it is the pathos of human life that the struggle of Christianity with Paganism must be perpetually renewed and triumphantly fought out in each succeed-

ing generation of men. Every child is born into the world a pagan, and in every human life the process of the development of human civilization must be repeated. Of course, living in a Christian atmosphere, breathing the air of Christian homes, learning holy truths in gentle ways from mothers with Madonna hearts and Madonna faces, the process in individual cases is swift and generally is more or less successful. There are three chief tests by which the civilization of any people may be tried. One is the respect it manifests for human life as exemplified in the care it takes of its children; another is the reverence it pays to women; and the third is the esteem in which it holds human labor. These three great principles were typified in the Holy Family, consisting of our Lord, The Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph. In the Infant Christ, childhood received a consecration never known before. In pagan countries, today, the missionaries go out every morning with wagons to pick up the little babies that are exposed to death by their parents. In Mary, the mother of Christ, is typified the ideal of perfect womanhood. The picture of the Madonna, smiling down upon the homes of men for twenty centuries has consecrated and idealized for men the womanhood of the world, and similarly in Joseph the Carpenter human labor was consecrated and lifted into honor. Christianity began by treating the slaves with the same even handed justice it dealt out to the masters. It taught for the first time the universal Fatherhood of God and the Universal Brotherhood of man. Any man born into the world whether born in slavery or in freedom, might aspire to the Christian priesthood. The proudest of the nobility was compelled to kneel to confess his sins to the priest who was perhaps born of slave parents. One of the earliest of the Popes, Callixtus the first, in the year 221, had been born in slavery. The old distinction between servile labor, that is to say manual labor, the work of slaves and the liberal arts, the work suited for freemen was abolished. Then the great Benedictine Order was founded and set up its beautiful dream of combining mental and manual labor in their consecrated lives,—thus not only saving to the world the old classical scholarship of antiquity but perpetuating in the long periods of war and barbarian invasion the old christian teaching of the dignity of labor. There appeared the beautiful figure of St. Francis of Assisi, son of the wealthy Bernadone who renewed

the old Christian vision perfectly in his life and in his influence when he took the Lady Poverty for his mystical bride and founded the great Franciscan Order to exalt her beauty. Then in due time came the Guilds and Trades Unions of the middle ages, the most impressive and, while they lasted, the most successful labor reforms that have ever been attempted in human history; and then the old system of master and man, and finally the modern capitalistic system which began in vast aggregation of wealth and the use of labor-saving machinery on the one hand and the organization of gigantic labor unions on the other, how this long story of development has been marked by the conflict of two principles, the one true, the other false, the one Christian the other pagan, and these two principles are first the recognition in a theoretical way by both Capital and Labor of the freedom of men and the dignity of human labor; and the other principle, the false principle that capital was the natural enemy and antagonist of labor and labor in the nature of the case the natural enemy and antagonist of Capital.

Thus ends the second act in the romance of big business; the upward climb of labor through the Christian centuries; the mixture of Christian ideals and pagan injustice in the mutual dealings of Capital and Labor. Its symbol is the mutilated Cathedral of Rheims, and the destroyed University of Louvain, and the great World War with its millions of angry men engaged in a death struggle. And observe that the symbol is more appropriate than you may first appreciate, for the spirit of militarism which destroyed Rheims and Louvain and made the earth tremble under the footsteps of millions of marching men is only another aspect of our old friend Commercialism. Those German boys did not face death because they wanted to be shot. Money was at the bottom of the great World War.

The third and final act in the romance of big business, opens with the ending of the most brutal and destructive period within the annals of mankind. Kings, Czars, and Kaisers, with all the machinery of cast and nobility and special privileges that went with them, have been flung into the scrap-heap of human history. In itself this destruction of the symbols of the old regime would mean nothing, for tyranny in a Republic would be as odious as tyranny in an empire. The heart of humanity has taken the downfall of Czars and Kaisers as a hope and a promise that a larger life is about to open and a

brighter day is about to dawn for the human race. Millions of men in the lands across the sea lift aspiring eyes and hopeful hearts to the God of nations praying for emancipation and liberty and opportunity. Even before this great war, the wisest among the captains of industry and the wisest among the leaders of labor had begun to see that, as war was unnatural and destructive between nations, so industrial war was equally the enemy of money, which is the Capital of the employer, and labor which is the capital of the employee. It is an idea that never could have been conceived under slavery. It is an idea that is destined to grow in strength and beauty as civilization advances and as Christian ideals triumph. Nowhere in all the world has this glorious vision been so clearly seen by the eyes of men as here in America where the spirit of Democracy is strongest and sanest. America is the natural home of the Romance of Big Business just as naturally as the Orient was the cradle of gorgeous human fiction and as the cold and barren North was the home of impossible dreams. No man is born into slavery in America; every child in the nation has within him the capability to rise through the process of honest labor into the dignity and power of the employer. Is the story of Aladdin's Lamp more remarkable than the story of a hundred great fortunes made in America? Is the fable of King Midas turning into gold all that he touches more thrilling than the story of a hundred great industries in America? Could anything better typify the fact that America must always stand for industrial peace because America means eternal and unbounded opportunity for labor as well as capital, than the dramatic story of the rise and development of the House of Studebaker. Born in poverty, cradled in thrift and nurtured by honest labor and ambition, it walks before all men today with giant stride along the great world paths of industry. Yet giant that it is, within the lifetime of many men here present it was but "an infant crying in the night, an infant crying for the light, and with no language but the cry." It grew out of the dreams and ambitions of five hard working boys, the sons of an honest immigrant. They were born in no golden clime, with no golden stars above. No silver spoon did homage to their baby lips. Thrift and toil were the lessons they learned at their mother's knee. Patience and unremitting labor was the doctrine they were taught by their father's example. They had

not even the endowment of great genius, except in so far as patience is genius. They had no fairy godmother of fortune to encourage and support them with magic wealth. For many years disappointment was their daily experience. Adversity often dashed away from their lips the cup of success just when they seemed to have held it most securely. Often their young enterprise trembled on the brink of failure, and disaster, but girded with honesty and nerved with manly courage they bore bravely on, until today the story of their rise to power and fortune seems like the romances of old, the stories of mighty conflicts and fabled beasts and the name of Studebakers is known and honored wherever civilized man inhabits.

They have not done this wonderful thing without criticism. Remember that both Capital and Labor have many things to forget as well as many things to remember. Whenever I hear employers denounce those excesses and tyrannies of walking delegates and labor unions that are for the moment more in evidence perhaps than the tyrannies and enforcements of capital, I am reminded of the story of Lincoln and the bull. Lincoln when a young man was obliged to pass every day through a pasture field on the way home. One day he found the field preempted by a large, healthy and enthusiastic bull. He deliberated on his course, but the bull looked so pacific and disinterested he decided to venture over the fence. Still the bull took no notice of proceedings. At last when Lincoln had committed himself so hopelessly to the pasture field that he could neither advance nor retreat in safety that hypocritical bull began to mobilize. Lincoln ran forward at the limit of his speed, but the bull was gaining so steadily he had to take refuge in the shelter of a friendly hay-stack. Round and round they ran, but the bull's body being long and unable to turn rapidly Lincoln began to gain on the bull. Seizing it by the tail he belabored it with a stout cudgel until it roared for mercy. Then with a final blow of his stick he permitted it to escape again into the open, but not without the admonition: "You durn critter, who begun this thing anyhow?" So if organized Labor is sometimes tyrannical or abused in the details of its demands, there are some of us who are tempted to ask Capital who began the war.

It would be unnatural and inhuman if there had not been in the past, a measure of dissatisfaction with wages, and hours

and terms and conditions of work, but malice itself cannot rise in its place and deny that three great beautiful facts are written in letters of light over all Studebaker history. First, the foundation stone of their fortunes was the plain sturdy honesty they inherited from their Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors. They were laborers and creators and not mere jugglers and manipulators of money. Second, when wealth came to them they avoided vulgar ostentation, they retained the plain simple virtues of their early years, and they remained workmen in the truest sense of the word all their days. Third, they have always won and kept the loyalty and devotion of their employees at home. This is a better testimony of their character as men and as employers than sensational exploitation in cheap magazines. It is a special pleasure for me to add my personal tribute derived from near observation covering thirty-five years, that their moral influence in the community has always been a wholesome one, and because the institution which I have had the honor to be connected with for many years has never been in any large way a beneficiary of theirs, I can with all the more grace pay this tribute to the family of the Studebakers that they have always been generous benefactors of religious institutions and that in their lives they have exemplified noble ideals of human conduct.

Today the great Studebaker corporation begins what promises to be a new and dazzling era. Years ago it gathered to itself a group of brilliant administrators and powerful financiers who have multiplied its efficiency and its success without abating one iota of the honesty of its founders. Its development since that time is itself a new fairy tale. Its capacity has been enormously enlarged. It has flung its productions with prodigal abundance into all the markets of the world. Its administrative policy has broadened, and its employees greatly increased in number, but the development which I behold with most complacency is the policy of Christian Justice and fair play and brotherhood that has marked its most recent announcements. Deep down in its soul has been born the conviction, which Christian Ethics as well as sound economics has always taught, that the interests of Capital and Labor are in the long run identical, that the success of one is the success of the other, and the failure of one is the failure of the other. It is fair to

hope that under this new condition of good will between employer and employee the most beautiful chapter in the romance of big business in America is still to be written. In what spirit shall it be conceived and executed.

Three workmen with hammer and chisel were trimming stone in the heart of a great city, when a way-faring man passing by said to the first "What are you doing?" The workman answered, "I am trimming this stone; with this sharp chisel and this heavy hammer I am making the edges straight and the surface level." To the second workman he said, "What are you doing?" and the answer was, "I am earning \$9.00 a day." He said to the third man "What are you doing?" The man paused for a moment, and pointing to a nearby spot where the walls of a new cathedral were slowly lifting themselves to the sky, and where the arms of beautiful arches reached out to meet other beautiful arching arms, where exquisitely carved towers and minarets were beginning to show themselves against the sky and he answered, "I am helping to build that cathedral." Gentlemen all, of the House of Studebaker, members of the Board of Directors, Chiefs of Administration, Heads of Departments, Foremen, and workmen of every kind, the truest, wisest thing I can say to all of you as a friend and a teacher is this. Labor in the spirit of this third man. Whether your duty calls you to the highest office or the simplest bench you may do your work in the spirit of the man who was merely trimming stones, who looked upon the simple duties of the day merely as a matter of hammer and chisel but if you do that you will be doing an injustice to yourself. You will be depriving yourself of the glory and the beauty of the vision. Some sort of romance is necessary in the life and work of every man that breathes. It is his way of escaping from the tawdry and the commonplace. If you toil in the spirit of the first man you will destroy the dream that ought to be in your working life, the charm, the sweetness and the reward of your labors.

Or you may labor in the spirit of the second man. Whether Director, or Administrator, or Head of Department, or Foreman, or laborer at the bench you may think of yourself as earning \$9.00 a day. You will be doing no injustice to any man if you render \$9.00 worth of service in the course of your working day; but again you will be taking the dream out of your life, you will be doing your share to destroy the dignity

of human labor, you will be filing your life with the commonplace and the tawdry when you might just as well glorify it by an ideal. And finally, in whatever sphere you labor, you may think of yourself as Cathedral builders. To do this you must cherish in your heart the dream of universal justice and universal brotherhood. No great cathedral ever yet was builded that did not grow out of the religious dreams of the whole people. They must have thought of it and talked of it and aspired for it before even the resolution to build it could enter into their souls, before the architect with mind anointed of God could plan the great Cathedral so that stone and lumber and steel at the bidding of industry might leap into their places to fulfill the architect's dream. The first condition of success in your new and beautiful enterprise must be that it be touched with the radiance and the glory of a dream. When the great Cathedral of Chartres was erected the whole countryside was assembled. The Bishop officiated at High Mass. The clergy were gathered in from one hundred miles in every direction. Laboring men assembled in great multitudes, the carpenter with his saw, the mason with his trowel, the mechanic with his hammer, the draftsman with his drawings formed a great procession, and with the Prince at their head marched to the Altar and received Holy Communion as their first great act of faith and brotherhood in the building of their glorious church. Gentlemen think me not a vain dreamer nor a rhapsodizing idealist if I say that something of this fervor and consecration must come into your souls—employers and employees alike—if your new vision is to be accomplished.

Second, The Cathedral Builder labored in the spirit of profound conscientiousness. "Why do you spend so much time in carving that bit of stone into lines of beauty, since it is to be placed so high up in the arch of the Cathedral that no human eye will ever see it" they asked one of the laborers; and he answered them thus: "No human eye will ever see it perhaps but I am doing this work for God, and God will see it."

Gentlemen, whether you sit around the Director's tables, or labor, standing by a bench, you must make your plans and carry on your dealings and execute all your work in the spirit of absolute honesty as under the eye of God if you are to make real your radiant vision of Peace, Good Will and mutual helpfulness. You remember the man, I regret to say it was an Irish-

man in the story—whose ideal of a happy time was "to put something over on the boss." "What are you doing Pat?" said a friend who had been mystified by the man's puzzling acts and stealthy manner. "Whist," said Pat, "I'm havin' the time of me life. I'm foolin' the boss. He thinks I'm workin', and all I'm doin' is caryin' the same hod of bricks up and down all day." The little circumstance that to "fool the boss" and have a good time he had to carry the full hod both ways never occurred to Pat, just as the silliness of denying an honest day's work where it is justly due and might easily be rendered never occurs to some other workmen. It is only when you carry into the factory something of the spirit of the Cathedral that you can reasonably expect men—whether employers or employees—to think of their work with something like religious pride and loyalty and say, "I am helping to build that Cathedral." Let this then be the third chapter in the romance of big business as exemplified in the house of Studebaker. Let the climax of its heroism, come as it should come in the third, final act of the drama, the opening scene of which we are witnessing today, and I give you as your slogan in this new work, "We are the Cathedral Builders in the World of Commerce" and I give you as the symbol of this third Chapter not the great monuments of antiquity lifted up to human pride and human luxury by the hands of slavery, I give you not the mutilated Cathedral of Rheims, showing how beautiful dreams of Christian Democracy have been shattered and ruined by the malice and selfishness of men in the past, I give you as your symbol a Cathedral of Ravishing beauty, everlasting in its foundations, glorious in the strength and beauty of its lines, radiant with the dreams of sculpture and painting, dedicated by the hands of worship to the God of Universal Love and Universal Justice at whose birth there fell upon the wondering people of Bethlehem the music of angels and the promise of Peace to men of Good Will.

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